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BALLADE OF HOPE.

WHERE is the boy whose every day
Is not beset by trials and woes.
Whose labors oft receive as pay
The fated buffets of his foes?
But why complain or why despair?
Such actions but appear uneouth
When reason's dictates all declare
That sorrow shows eternal truth.
E'en after boyhood days are gone
And cares begin to multiply,
When o'er us manhood's cloak is drawn,
O, looking up above the sky,
May we perceive Hope's sun-like ray
Which brightened every step of youth,
There showing us some cloudless day,
As sorrow shows eternal truth.
Then also when the weight of years
Bears heavily on our tot'ring frame,
May Hope disperse our many fears
And our whole heart with joy inflame.
Let Heaven's sunbeam light the way,
O'erflow our soul, express sweet ruth
When death's own sadness makes us say:
"That sorrow shows eternal truth."

ENVOY.

Though disappointment often mars
The plans of enterprising youth,
Hope on; as darkness draws out stars
So sorrow shows eternal truth.

JAMES B. FITZPATRICK.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

It is a well known fact that the development of a language is marked by the literary productions that characterize the different eras of its history. We know this to be true of the English, German, Latin and Greek languages and the French is no exception to this rule. The gifted men who wrote in this language have, whether consciously or unconsciously, depicted for us the conditions of society and the speech of the people of their time.

French literature forms two periods. The first shows that the language was formed by mutilating the words taken from the Latin, thus becoming a distinguished tongue in the eighth century and marking the first period which reached up to the reign of Francis I. Already in the first period the language, though deviating in gradual corruption from the Latin once spoken by the Romans of old, has the secret of uniting brevity and clearness with purity and politeness, so much so that it became the language of the court, or, generally speaking, of the superior ranks in England, Italy and Germany. It is represented by able men in every phase of literature. The poets, essayists, letter and sermon writers have brought upon themselves names worthy of immortal fame.

In the constellation of French poets we find men of high rank and the foremost scholars of the age. Among others are Ronsard, Marot, LaFontaine and Renier. The satires of Renier have been highly praised by Boileau, the Horace of France. If we take dramatic literature, we see that it reaches its climax in Racine. "No other country," says Macaulay, "could produce a tragic poet equal to Racine," while the same is said of Moliere for comic poetry.

Moliere is most uniformly admired by his country, because her critics are most unwilling to find faults in him. Though the observations of Schlegel on the defects of Moliere are not without foundation, yet the poet's superiority over earlier writers of comedy is not doubted. The many dramatic pieces of Jodelle have won for him the name of the father of the theatre. These and the works of Fontenelle and Garnier, in which they chiefly drew from ancient history, are evidently framed according to a standard which has ever prevailed on the French stage. Besides these we have the comedies of Larivey and Corneille. Those of the former form a new epoch in literature, while those of the latter, under Richelieu, attained a high reputation in the French drama. It is true, some of their poetry is mistaking insipid allegory for beautiful creations of fancy or satirizing the vices of mankind, while many in their songs express their ideal love with more conventional gallantry than pathos of tenderness. Still we always perceive some of those light graces and touches which distinguish the style of French poetry. The metre is various. The Alexandrine adopted by Ronsard is appropriated to the lighter style, while the sonnets are regular. It may be said of the poetry in general that it is not low as may be imputed to earlier writers. It is not obscure, at least in the syntax, as the Italian is apt to be; for the genius of the language and the habits of society demand perspicuity. To become acquainted with these particulars one should read the Pastorells in Roquefort "Etat de la Poesie Francaise," or in Recueil des anciens Poets Francaise.

Literature received a new impetus in the person of Francis the first. He manifested

a design which was ably accomplished, namely, to countenance literature by public endowment. After having established a royal college of learning, many flocked to this school. After him we find a Montagne, Grolier and Baif. The essays of Montagne form in several respects an epoch in literature, less on account of their importance or of the novel truth they contain, than their influence upon the taste and opinion of Europe. The fascination of Montagne's writings are acknowledged by all who read them. His quotations seem a part of himself and are like limbs of his own mind. He is the earliest classical writer in the French language, the first whom a young man should read.

The literature of France is adorned by some of the most brilliant rhetoricians ever known. Massillon, Bossuet, Fenelon, Bourdaloue and Flechier are the most noted. The pulpit orator, Massillon, is too well known to need comment. Bossuet is the successful and acknowledged champion of the Catholic Church in France. Besides those already mentioned we have a Paschal, Arnauld and Malbranche, who ennobled and helped to preserve the standard of the French prose. The *Telemaque* of Fenelon has obtained the admiration of Europe, and there is no book in the French language that has been more universally read. *Telemaque* takes its place among romances, but still it is true that no romance has ever breathed so classical a spirit, none abounds more with the richness of poetical language; much in fact of Homer, Virgil and Socrates having been interwoven with no other change than a verbal translation and very few have preserved such beauty of diction. This book should

be read by all classical students.

Polite literature was brought in the van by DuVair. His works relate chiefly to the bar and some critics admit that his treatise on eloquence make an epoch in the language. Two French writers may be reckoned worthy of a place in this class. Patrué and Le Maistre. The pleadings of Patrué are excellent in their particular line of forensic eloquence. They greatly resemble what are called the private orations of Demosthenes. Those of Le Maistre are fervid and brilliant and whenever great moral or social topics, or vexed questions of history and human nature are under discussion Le Maistre has a great advantage; for the writers whom he took as models were, Sts. Jerome, Augustine, Chrysostom, Basil and Gregory.

France has produced hosts of illustrious men who have left their influence on French literature and although their names are not found in ordinary text-books on this subject, they are familiar to thousands of readers.

Those who have read the essays and letters of the authors above mentioned, will doubtless welcome with pleasure the literary completeness and good taste, as well as the precision, grace and strength of the language. If not it will be owing to the fact that in these days we are accustomed to a certain exuberance of language in English writers, especially when they are uttering rhapsodies of art, which makes their works fail to be really valuable, because what we notice first, last and continually, is the mode of expression, more than the thing expressed.

BASIL DIDIER.



THE BOAT IS LAUNCHED. WHERE IS THE SHORE?

The moon had already lighted up with her silvery rays, the time-worn church of a suburb of the "City of Spires;" it was a clear, frosty night in the depth of winter. The sky was studded with innumerable stars, the tall branches of the melancholy yews, which overhung the dwellings of the dead were white with hoar frost, and the frozen snow glistened like myriads of diamonds on the humble hillocks around the last resting-place of mortality.

The clock from the old church-tower, over which once crept the tinted lichens and ivy-clinging green, now decked white in silent softness, glittering in the stellar light, struck nine in tones pealing faintly clear like Alpine bells across the open country. The lights of the quiet suburb were one by one slowly extinguished, and no sound disturbed the dead stillness around, save a low sob of human anguish, for even in that cold winter night a mourner lingered there.

For nearly an hour had Edward Thorne-ton kept that mournful watch beside a mother's grave, when gradually he felt a death-like torpor stealing over him which warned him that he must hasten away, and, dragging his weary limbs slowly along, a heavy drowsiness crept over him, he could not advance one step, and uttering a low cry, he fell on the adjoining grave.

Edward had lain in this perilous condition for some time, until the venerable parish priest, Father Bonaventure, accompanied by a young man, providentially passed through the church-yard, on their way from a sick-call. "Why! what have we here!" exclaimed the good priest, for the grave across which Edward had fallen, lay near the path, and the strong light of the moon, penetrating through the leafless

branches on the trees, shone full on the black clothes of the hapless Edward, contrasting him with the whiteness of everything around.

"Why, God bless him!" exclaimed the priest, in surprising tones, pushing back the cap from the face and forehead of the unfortunate youth. "It is certainly our long unheard-of Edward." And so they bore him still unconscious and in the death-like sleep into which he had fallen by the cold to the priest's home.

We will now give a brief sketch of Edward to the time we have opened our story. He was the only child of the Thorne-ton family by whom he was daintily reared; but, when he was only eight years old, his parents died, leaving him forsaken with no relatives, save a cousin named Ernest, also an orphan, and their old uncle, Father Bonaventure, by whom the lads were adopted and tenderly fostered.

Let us loop back the curtain from the scene on the canvas of the present, which we beheld in the opening of our story, and, looking back on time's avenue, we will see the discontented path Edward has traveled, stretching far behind him. Instead of the leaden hues of death, which we beheld in the opening of our story, we see the gay, enameled colors of golden hue, the bright colors of the rainbow. The earth, like a virgin decked in her bridal robes, is crowned and damasked with flowers. The azure sky rejoices, for fair Aurora heralds from the east the dawning day, her fans winnowing the balmy air, perfumed by roses of the east.

We behold Father Bonaventure, an "old man hoary with the hair of old," accompanied by Edward and Ernest, two lads of

sixteen summers, in whose countenances bright-blue sparkling eyes shed grace, and on whose head were locks in curls like the blossoms of a hyacinth. Like the spring of life of the youths, so the spring of the year was cradled in the lap of nature. Dame Nature, as it were, was like the youths, in her prime. The little hopeful leaves peeped out so fresh and green, and the April buds are now unfolded, and decking the meadows white with May are like young lives pushing shyly into the bustling world. The fruit trees' blossoms of pink and white, impearled with mellifluous dew-drops whispering solemn secrets to the listening leaves, ever and anon, in a cloud of fragile splendor, hide each cottage they pass. The ambrosial scent of the flowers, and the notes of Nature's orchestra, in tones as sweet as ever Orpheus blew from his wreathed horn, by Zephyrus' breath, are wafted through the air.

To Father Bonaventure and the two lads, as they bent their steps in the brisk morning air, this was indeed a "journey like a path to heaven." The priest was filled with joy and holy thoughts, and the lads entertained all the pleasures fancy can beget on youthful minds. Thrilling apprehensions filled their throbbing hearts, when they beheld a short distance before them, rising from circumambient green sward the very focus of their ideals, St. Ignatius College, whose strong bold outlines appeared the more distinct against the background of the faint blue sky, and invested the land with the dignity and emphasis of a purpose and was to the surrounding country what the figure of a human being is in a parterre of flowers. To Ernest and Edward, this was one of the most glorious days of their youth. On entering the portals of the college, their fresh, young blood rushed freely through their tingling veins and thrilled their throbbing hearts.

Thoughts were stirring in their bosoms,

telling them to go and conquer the ideals, welling up in their hearts. The day following their arrival Edward and Ernest were matriculated as students and Father Bonaventure left them at the College, which is henceforth to be their Alma Mater, under the guidance of the good priests who should instill into their youthful minds such useful knowledge to prepare them for the holy priesthood, which state the two lads wished to embrace and devote their lives to which crowned them kings of the earth. Before bright morning brought the third day around, Edward and Ernest had already made the acquaintance of all the students.

Ernest had a good disposition and an excellent memory, and by his virtues, especially his prompt obedience, delighted his instructors, and soon won the love and esteem of all his fellow students. Edward, however, did not prove docile nor show great aptitude for study, and possessed an irresolute disposition.

Swiftly the first four years of their college life fled away and their youth was drawing to young man-hood.

Edward still cherishing his ideals, idled his time away and passed his precious college years striving and struggling for little ends, and did not think of the vast fabric he must build up for God. While his fellow students plucked and culled nosegays from the fields and flower-beds of rhetoric, Edward in his heart's temple wove garlands and wreaths of withered memories which vanished in air at the first blast. While others were admiring the constellations of his bright galaxy of Literature, Edward was dreamily gazing into the deep blue of the firmament, or watching the fleecy clouds floating like white sailed ships across the depth. While others diligently studied all branches of useful knowledge, Edward would paint pictures of ideals in coarse daubs from the fancies of his imagination.

Being unable to keep up with his classes any longer, he gave up his intention of studying for the priest-hood, for he again formed other ideals. In pompous promises he planned his future fate, how he would go to some university to study law, and afterwards become an eminent attorney and heap up vast riches. He did not see that his plans were only unsubstantial, fleeting bliss. His many ideal thoughts came like truths and disappeared like dreams, or fled like the summer clouds or the shadows the sunbeams chase. He became irresolute and became like the youth in the Danish song which says:

“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

When Ernest entered his senior years at St. Ignatius’ college, we find Edward entering the university to study law. After passing a year of unsuccessful study at the university, he was again dissatisfied; for he had again formed other ideals, he became tired of being barred up and buried in his books like a book-worm, as he termed it, and longed to be free and to enter the noisy world and come in contact with the winds and ways of the world. There is a story of a piper of Hamelin, how he drew the youths with him. What a curious legend that is! Wonder if it has any meaning at all. Indeed there seems something strange and deep lying beneath that rippling rhyme. That picture of the quaint, old piper piping through Hamelin’s narrow streets. The parents try to stay them, but the youths pay no heed. Edward also hears the wierd, witched music, the sweet enchanting and seducing Siren voices charm him. He leaves everything unfinished and drops his books from his careless hands. Heedless he follows and wanders with the piper on the rainbow road leading to unknown ends. The

mystic music stirs and vibrates in his ears, as he enters the blustering world. We will not, however, endeavor to describe the scene in which we behold Edward and his companions to whom he clung and with whom he indulged in all vices and even became addicted to the bottle.

And now behold our inexperienced Edward lost in the labyrinth of streets of a great metropolis. Vainly did he walk from street to street in quest of employment. Sick at heart, finally as night was coming on, he found work. As time passed on, having many debts to pay, he found that his wages were not half sufficient even for his little expenses, and to add to all, his work began to slacken. The agitation of his mind and the slender fare on which he lived soon hastened on a declining state of health. When he again recovered, on going to his work, he found the apartment locked against him. Our friendless and destitute Edward suffered many a heartless insult since he was turned from his work. And when in quest of other employment, one would bid him go hence, another turn him roughly out, and a third laugh at his melancholy face. At last, his fortune turning from worse to worse, he concluded to return to his uncle. So when the sun rising gilded the radiant east, he set out for home, and just as it sank into the western main he stood on the bridge where he had so often spent his youth. Then the fancies of his youth fell like a killing frost upon his heart; the tender shoots and expanded flowers are nipped and withered and of a vine that once yearned to stretch its tendrils round the world there is left naught but a sapless stump. His ideal hero is now a prince of littleness, and his enchanted ideals are “lost to life of use and name of fame.”

Thus with himself: “Can I return thus to my uncle, whose money I have squandered, and from whom I have not heard

since I left the university? Would that I had remained with Ernest!" Leaning against the parapet, looking down on the waters beneath moving sluggishly onward, his large blue eyes were fixed with a stony glare, and he convulsively clung to the parapet for support. Oh! Cannot our readers surmise the truth? Edward has gazed on the waters beneath and his lonely state saddened his heart almost to desperation. Oh! how he longed to be at rest; the tempter siezed this favorable moment and suggested the horrible thought of self-destruction. But onward, still onward, went the miserable Edward, till he came to the church-yard and in agony of grief proceeded to the grave of his mother, where we found him in the opening of our story.

With pensive face and tear-dimmed eyes he stood beneath the melancholy yews. A solemn sadness reigns around, and floods of thoughts came upon him, standing in the stillness under the vast dome glowing with sapphires. And when carried to the priest's house by his uncle and cousin, Ernest, who was spending his Christmas vacation at home, there to consign his troubled heart, his toils and solitary cares, lo! to the dim-eyed tenant of these unblest visionary thoughts. that strayed to count the joys of fortune, happiness is again resumed and the long lost and hapless Edward is restored to the glowing

hearth and social board of his uncle. Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flowed, when he awoke from his drowsiness and found himself embraced by Father Bonaventure and Ernest. Now he realized how rarely he learned the true enjoyment of his fleeting youth, ever anticipating or procrastinating, like an idle child he stripped from the fair young tree of hope its blossoms, and then wept because he gathered no fruit.

Yes, he passed his whole youth, as if watching the growth of some centennial plant, whose scentless blossoms he can never hope to behold.

Well might he have exclaimed with the gentle poet Coleridge, who spent his entire youth in day-dreams and afterwards so beautifully and tenderly expressed these pathetic words:

"Sense of past youth and manhood come in
vain,

And genius and knowledge won in vain!
And all that I have culled in wood walks
wild,

And all that patient toil has reared and all
Commune with thee has opened out but flowers,
Strewed on my hearse and scattered on my
bier,

In the same coffin for the self-same grave."

I. F. ZIRCHER.

A STORY FROM THE GERMAN.

OF CARL MAY.

Now he shook and trembled and it was apparent that he was not much at ease; but it was not until we arrived at Botna that he gave vent to his rage ensuing from the unpleasant tour.

"Alah kerihm, God is merciful and

thanks be to him that my skin still conceals my flesh. Is Hassan—Ben Adulfeda—Ibu—Hankal al Wardi—Jussuff—Ibu—Abul—Toslan—Ben—Isahk al Duli a leech that he must again dispose of what he has once enjoyed? I swear by the

heard of the Prophet that I shall never more ride in a house propelled with wheels. Djezzar-Bei, the Manslayer is at home in the saddle and he desires henceforth to ride on horseback.

Our German friend, too, entertained the same desire. "The plague," said he, on such rumbling and tumbling in that crackling cot which they call a coach. We are drawn by eight horses and yet I should hitch on and contribute my own strength. This is too much for me, I would prefer riding the most ferocious beast than again even look into that barrack.

I was forced to acknowledge my displeasures with the coach, though I had resigned myself to its further avail. A delay at Botna could not be permitted, wherefore I engaged a Bedouin to convey us to Biscara where I intended to purchase camels, to pursue our journey. The Bedouin, however, disapproved of my intention and offered his assistance in the purchase of better camels which could be obtained at an Arabian village known to him.

I adopted his plan for I myself believed that I could procure a choicer stock at a village than in a city, where perhaps only such as have served their better day could be found. Still there was another incentive inducing me to abide by the view of the usher. In the valleys of the Aures mountains, where this village lay, the lion is no unusual thing, and should the velocity of our journey prevent me from coming in contact with the king of beasts, there was, nevertheless, a possibility that I might see his tracks or perhaps hear his voice. It seemed to me an eternity since I last discharged my gun and I had a most earnest desire to relieve it of its noxious contents and again hear its clang announcing the prostration of some victim. The valleys mentioned, no doubt, offered the opportunity. I therefore in anticipa-

tion brought forth my gun.

We were far in advance of the coach; our little ponies, despite their heavy burden, showed no signs of fatigue. Our journey was not interrupted until we reached the Wed-el-Kantara in whose waters Gerard the Lion-slayer met with death. An humble vestige, the architecture of French soldiers, marked his burial place. Ruminating on the heroic deeds of this bold adventurer, thoughts of reverence were inspired and to these we gave vent by saluting his mouldering frame with the report of our guns. Here we reposed a short time and then again entered upon our journey towards the pass of Kan-Aara.

Having, as I supposed, encountered the inconveniences of our journey I learned, much to my displeasure, that our hardships thus far were but a prelude to the worse.

We were now confronted by stone walls which extended to the very banks of the river, and which, owing to their great height, prevented our further journey in that direction.

But we were determined to continue our journey and the only means to carry out our determination was to brave the foaming waves of the river. This we did and after a quarter of an hour's ride (or better, swim) we landed in a valley of an inspiring character.

The steep and rugged slate walls seemed to touch the skies. In the south they represented a gigantic work of masonry resembling a colossal chasm.

This was the mouth of the desert which lead to the oasis Siban. The rugged rocks at the right formed a part of the Aure's range and the dark slate-colored walls at the left were the beginning of the Dshabel Sultan. In the center lay the caravansary, El Kantara, where we put up for our night's lodging.

We were well received and the greatest

concern of the host was to prepare some genuine Turkish coffee, and, according to our taste, he had succeeded fairly well. Having taken our frugal meal, pipes were ordered for our service and I sat down, to listen to the conversation of the various travelers.

The chief spokesman was Hassan, who left nothing undone, to convince his auditors that he was Djazzer Bei, the man-slayer, and that as such he wished to be recognized. Joseph Korndorfer, on the contrary, sat quietly at my side though now and then he would betray his displeasure at the self-glorification of Hassan.

The conversation now turned upon a subject which interested me exceedingly. The landlord, namely, possessed a small flock of sheep, upon which a panther, without further negotiation, would feast every night.

I now joined in the conversation and accosted the landlord thus:

"Are you certain that it is a panther that steals your sheep?"

"I am. I have seen its tracks and they give evidence of its enormous size and furthermore it is a female; would to Allah she were dead. I am poor and have but twenty-three sheep. The panther might well practice her audacity on the flock of some wealthier person."

The angry Mussulman appeared to entertain no very good opinion of the female panther.

"Why do you not make an effort to kill the beast?" I asked.

"Kill a female panther! Shede, are you not aware that Satan dwells beneath her hide, who would immediately destroy the person attempting to do her injury?"

"And do you know that the Satan of timidity dwells beneath your hide who has devoured your heart and drank your blood, you are a man of God and fear a female

panther? May Allah protect your house, lest the panther may enter it and repose on your divan."

"She will devour my flock, but never will she approach my house, for the recital of the Suratilklass thrice a day protects me from the attacks of wild beasts.

"The Surat is good, for the Prophet has taught you it, and as long as you have recited it thrice a day the black cat has not devoured you: I have a Surat which is more powerful than the Ayat of your holy book, at my disposal it destroys every foe."

"Recite it that I might learn it."

"I shall not recite it, but show it to you."

I brought forth my gun and presented the muzzle to his view. "This is my Surat wherewith I avert the enemy."

Seized with fear, he sprang to one side.

"For Allah's sake, betake yourselves to flight, men, this Shede is deranged. He declares his gun more powerful than the Surat and intends to kill us."

I disposed of my gun and bade them remain.

"I am still in possession of my senses, but I consider the female panther, not a devil, but merely a cat which I can readily dispatch with my Surat," and rising, I added, "show me the hurdle wherein you keep your sheep."

"Are you mad, Shede, that you desire me to accompany you to the hurdle? The night is dark, and the panther, unlike to other beasts of prey makes its appearance about midnight. She may devour my sheep but she shall not devour me."

"If so at least describe the place that I may find the flock."

"You will find it about one hundred paces north from here."

I equipped myself with the necessary articles and was about to proceed to the place whereto I was directed, but I had scarcely raised my foot, preparatory to the

expedition, when my motion was checked by the voice of Hassan.

"Allah akbar ! God is great and it is in his power to slay the lion and destroy the panther. But you are man whose flesh affords these beasts a sumptuous meal, I entreat you forbear to undertake such bold attempt, for the panther will certainly devour you and in the morning we shall find nothing more than the soles of your shoes."

"You shall not only find the soles of my shoes, but also the person that wears them. Seize your weapons and follow me."

Much terrified, the powerful man sprang back and positively declined. "Thank the Lord I am living and I shall never offer my flesh to appease the hunger of a beast."

"Why, does Hassan fear a cat?"

"I am Djazzar-Bei, the Manslayer, but not Hassan, the Beast devourer. Demand that I resist a hundred foes and I shall slay them all, but the Mussulman despises to confront a panther of feminine gender."

"If so, remain."

My intention was merely to try him. I proceeded towards the entrance and soon observed that my German friend pursued me.

"May I accompany you?"

"Why?"

"Why! shall I perhaps witness that you be torn to pieces by a ferocious beast, for what purpose have I a gun and knife? It is but duty that I should be where my master is."

"I thank you for your offer, but I cannot avail myself of your service."

"Why not, if I may ask?"

"Because you are no hunter. You would unnecessarily expose yourself and, perhaps, even frighten my anticipated prey."

It was with no little effort I persuaded the good man to desist from his intention and it was only after a due explanation

that I really did succeed ; I then marched out into the night in quest of the hurdle."

In the direction described there lay a confusion of massive rocks; these rocks formed one side of the hurdle, the other three sides were composed of stakes driven in the ground.

In this simple enclosure the sheep were silently lying, nor were they disturbed at my approach.

The night was starlight and I could well view the outlines of the rocks. 'Twixt two huge rocks I observed an opening of such dimensions as would admit an ordinary man; this was a very suitable place for my purpose, it offered protection from three sides and afforded a splendid view over the hurdle from the fourth side. If the panther really would approach the hurdle, I had a most favorable chance to lay him. To kill him was, at any rate, no heroic deed.

I took my position in the opening, making it as convenient as possible. With my gun in readiness to discharge its fatal contents, I patiently awaited the approach of the panther. Midnight had already passed and if the enemy would come, he must soon make his appearance. Suddenly I noticed the sheep move in a manner which betrayed some eminent danger. I strained my eyes to ascertain the cause, but saw nothing unusual. Now, however, I heard a scarcely audible moving overhead.

The beast had stationed itself on the rock above me that it might thus seize upon its prey with a spring. Now I saw the panther very plainly, already whetting its claws, as it were—one leap—a dark figure plunges down amid the sheep—a mournful bleat announces death. The panther now stood erect in the center of the hurdle, beneath its forepaw lay the bleeding sheep. It was a panther of extraordinary size and, as I noticed, a female.

Raising her head she gave vent to her cry of victory, produced in a terrifying guttural tone, but its echo was not yet heard when the report of my gun disturbed the silence of the night. The large green eyes of the beast afforded me a sure mark. The panther issued a loud roar and made a leap towards me, but fell dead at my feet. As I later observed, the bullet had penetrated the eye.

The report of my gun had caused the approach of the male panther, a roar in the distance announced his coming. Scarcely a moment had elapsed, when I observed the avenger coming crouching to the scene. I watched his every movement; he was sniffing around the carcass of his mate and seemed not at all to notice me, but turned and was about to start in quest of the perpetrator, when he detected me in my retreat; he now pawed the earth and was about to make his onslaught, when the contents of my gun laid him prostrate. I returned to the house and found the inmates yet awake; for one person to attack a panther at night seemed to them above the courage of man, they therefore were very anxious to ascertain the issue of my attempt. When I entered they gazed upon me as if I were a ghost. Korndorfer soon convinced them that it was I by joyfully approaching me.

"Welcome, Shede," exclaimed Hassan, "you have acted nobly. We have heard the report of your gun and I assure you the panther that has also heard it, will not disturb the flock to-night. The landlord, too, expressed his thanks. As their utterance betrayed, they were under the impression that I had shot only to frighten the panther. But when I told them that I had killed, not only the female panther, but the male also and bade them to assist me in bringing them to the house their surprise was beyond description. Reluctantly they followed me to the hurdle and

when they arrived and saw the bodies of the beasts which they feared so much their surprise was all the greater. Hassan now turned to me and said: "Shede, you are the greatest man I ever beheld, you even surpass Gerard the Lionslayer."

Korndorfer, too, expressed his surprise.

Both panthers were brought to the house where I flayed them, after which we all retired. On the following morning the skins were placed below our saddles and we again resumed our journey. We reached the village that had been marked as the destination of our day's travel. We were well received by the Arabians and before the night had entirely overtaken us I was in possession of six camels and all the necessities that a journey to Bab-el-Ghud requires.

It was a sultry day. At about noon the heat became so intense that we concluded to seek a shady place, if there was one to be found, lest we should succumb. Not far off we observed a row of tents whither we directed our course.

It would have been an unpardonable insult had we passed the first tent, and taken up our lodging in either of the next. The inhabitant of the steppes is a born thief, but the right of hospitality is still held sacred by him.

"Welcome stranger," was the address of a fair maiden. Following her tottered an aged man whose hair was suggestive of no less than ninety years.

Addressing him, I inquired if he had room to accommodate us. He extended a most courteous welcome and began to explain the circumstances of his tent.

"I am already sheltering three guests, yet there is room for you. Alight and permit me to kill a lamb for you."

A. J. SEIMETZ.

(To be Continued.)

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN.

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EDITORIAL.

The voices of adverse criticism, heard throughout the English speaking world, are subsiding into a lull and the new poet laureate lives apparently unnoticed, while it seems that nobody expects new inspirations from the pen of Mr. Austin. Meanwhile, we shall sing the songs and revel in the measured sweetness of other bards, whose notes are not rendered inaudible by the roaring of the British Lion.

Before the next appearance of the COLLEGIAN our Rev. Rector will most probably be on the other side of the Atlantic, sur-

rounded by the historic scenes of Rome. Although we are not informed of the exact date of his departure, we do not consider it too premature to extend our best wishes for a happy journey, an enjoyable sojourn in the old world, and a safe return to the sacred precincts of Collegeville. Father Benedict will be Rector of the College during the absence of Father Augustine.

Perhaps many have already noticed the superior benefits resulting from public debates on current questions of the hour. While such discussions demand greater attention, and consequently, extra exertion on the part of the debators, nevertheless, in view of the profitable results accruing to those participating, as well as the wholesome advantages they present to those who should, but are debarred by circumstances, from making a special study of these topics, we cannot adequately express our encouragement for this manner of imparting amid enthusiasm all the phases of our greatest and most important questions.

Much has been said by the Catholic press about Mr. Purcell's *Biography of Cardinal Manning*. While we would prefer to pass books of that stamp unnoticed, we cannot but experience a feeling of sincere satisfaction when we observe the promptness of the whole literary world in defending the cause of the great Cardinal, as evinced by the universal condemnation of the utterly untrustworthy life-sketch recently published. With due respect for the intentions of the Catholic author, it cannot be denied that he has neglected to paint any of those admirable qualities peculiar to His Eminence, that he has omitted a description of the *saintly* prelate, and has made the character of a *zealous* priest succumb to the peculiarities of an ambitious minister; while he has completely ignored the greatness of his

subject in superceding it entirely by a picture of his weakness. The decision of every critic, from his intimate friend, Cardinal Vaughan, down, is, that the author of the *Biography* has failed in his purpose, and, as the *Ave Maria* so beautifully expresses it, "instead of a finished portrait, attractive and life-like, he has presented a caricature that is repellent and false in every feature."

It is a regretted fact that the *Catholic* life of Cardinal Manning has yet to be written.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

The silver question is one that has claimed a great deal of public attention for several years and is very likely to be one of the prominent features of the approaching presidential campaign. Many long articles treating on this question have appeared frequently in our newspapers and magazines, but, as a rule, they have been written for the purpose of converting or convincing those holding opposite views and of bringing the undecided to the writer's side of the question, and are therefore almost unintelligible to the young readers, for whom this article is especially intended. To understand the "silver question" it is necessary to have at least some knowledge of our entire monetary system as the two are so closely interwoven as to be inseparable.

Money as is well known, has, in some form or other, been used by all civilized nations, and in many instances by savages, since the earliest times recorded in history, and is defined as a "medium of exchange" or "standard of value."

We are not only justified, but obliged as intelligent citizens to inform ourselves in regard to everything pertaining to our country's money, and need not fear that by

so doing we may lay ourselves open to charges of covetousness or avariciousness, for in its capacity as a medium of exchange money is absolutely necessary to us for the obtaining of the most necessary articles such as food, clothing and books.

Our monetary system is a rather complicated one and in order to acquire the information for which we are seeking it is best to briefly review the history of the subject.

The constitution of the United States in defining the powers of Congress says: "The Congress shall have power to coin money, regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin, and fix the standard of weights and measures."

In pursuance of this right, Congress passed the first coinage law, the act establishing the mint, in 1792, and authorized the coinage of both gold and silver, the gold dollar to contain 24.75 grains of pure gold and the silver dollar to contain 371.25 grains of pure silver. Thus the silver dollar contained just 15 times as much pure silver as the gold dollar did of pure gold,—that is one ounce of gold was equal to 15 of silver.

The next important measures relating to our money were the acts of 1834 and 1837, the first of which changed the ratio and the other fixed the proportion of gold and silver the coins at nine parts pure metal and one part alloy, and this composition is now called standard metal.

By the act of 1837 the weight of the gold dollar was placed at 25.8 grains and the silver dollar at 412.5 grains, thus making the silver dollar about 15.95 times as heavy as the gold dollar, or as we commonly say, sixteen times as heavy, thus establishing the ratio of "16 to 1."

Congress was induced to change the ratio for the following reason: Prior to 1834 silver was used to the exclusion of gold.

The cause of this is found in the fact that the principal European nations were then coining gold and silver at a ratio of $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1. The operation which took gold to Europe and left the silver in America was about as follows. The holder of 15 ounces of silver could exchange it for one ounce of gold, bring the gold to Europe and there obtain with it $15\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of silver. By a little mathematical calculation you will find that the person making this exchange got a profit of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent for his trouble. The act of 1837 which changed the ratio from 15 to 1 to 16 to 1 had the effect, by precisely the same operation reversed, of taking the silver out of this country and leaving nothing but gold. By the terms "nothing but gold" or "nothing but silver" reference is had to the metals only. Previous to the late war there was a great amount of paper in circulation known as state bank notes.

J. F. COGAN.

(To be continued.)

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY AT THE COLLEGE.

The anniversary of the birth of the father of our country was a festive day for the students of St. Joseph's.

This day has, it seems, come to be celebrated in a manner entirely different from that of any other in the calendar of our College holidays, its distinguishing feature being the games or contests that take place on that day in the basement of the College.

For this reason, the 22nd of February was a day to which the students looked forward with joyful eagerness. The exercises of the day began with the celebration of High Mass, Father Eugene being celebrant. At 9 A. M. the students assembled in the recreation hall which had been profusely and very tastefully decorated with flags and bunting. The forenoon entertainment was in the hands of the College

Battalion and consisted of a drill by the Boebner Columbian Guards and various indoor contests interspersed with music by the band under direction of Father Clement.

Highly creditable features of the drill were the bayonet manual and the complicated marches, which were rendered from beginning to end without the assistance of one command by the instructor, aide-de-camp Eberle, thus showing how thoroughly the squad has mastered the tactics.

Among the various contests, the "style race" was especially amusing and interesting in which two Columbian Guards, themselves remaining passive, had to be furnished and dressed with collar, cuffs, tie, and completely equipped with uniform, by two contestants who had to fetch the separate articles from the furthest end of the hall.

The "bun race" evoked rounds of laughter from the spectators.

Handsome prizes were awarded consisting of books, candy and nuts, donated by several Fathers of the house.

First prizes were captured by W. Horde-man, T. Travis, W. Laibe, A. Roth, A. Riestter, E. Sweitzer, C. Vanvlandren, F. Diefenbach, and H. Dorval. Second prizes were given to J. Boeke, F. Seroczynski, E. Koenig, C. Frey, C. Vanvlandren.

At 7 P. M. the literary part of the day's exercises began on the College auditorium under the auspices of the Columbian Literary Society.

The program was a model one and was rendered as follows: Overture, "Lustspiel," by the band. Prof. Hemmersbach wielded the baton in his usual masterly manner. The next number was the oration of the day by Mr. Jas. B. Fitzpatrick on "America." His ideas were clear and clothed in beautiful language. "Old Glory" received its share of poetic praise from the Muse. The College Quartette, or Glee Club, directed by Father Clement, then sang to the mani-

fest gratification of all, "Comrades in Arms." They cheerfully responded to an impetuous demonstration of applause and a hearty encore. Mr. Thos. Travis next appeared and delivered a declamation, "Battle of Bunker Hill." His manner of delivery was brilliant though at times overspirited, and he showed more than ordinary elocutionary abilities. Following this was a recitation by Mr. Gabriel Cotter, entitled "Balthasar's Feast. Mr. Cotter displayed a nice conception of of the poem and interpreted the piece admirably well.

Mr. Edw. Mungovan then entertained the audience with a vocal solo, "The Cruel Hiss." Of course Ed had to appear again and he sang "A Widow's plea for her Son" in a masterly manner. The debate was now in order. The subject, Resolved, that if the European powers continue inactive, the U. S. Government would be justified in interfering in Armenia, called forth at once universal interest, as a question pending in our own time.

Messrs. Conroy and Weyman upheld the affirmative, while Messrs. Hartjens and Cogan defended the negative. The debate was one of the most interesting features of the day. The arguments on both sides were strong, giving every indication of close study and careful research. Logical acumen and genial wit were not wanting in the speeches. The judges decided in favor of the negative. After the debate the College orchestra filled the hall with sweet strains of music. The last number was the reading of the *Columbian* by the Editor, Mr. Muinch. This was the first paper prepared by Mr. Muinch and it showed that he is eminently capable of maintaining the standard of the *Columbian*.

The students retired about 9 o'clock conscious that a pleasant and profitable day had been spent.

C. DANIEL.

REVIEWS.

Benziger Brothers have brought out a new illustrated edition of Cardinal Wiseman's famous "Fabiola." It is hardly necessary to speak of the worth of this well known work here as its reputation has long since been established. But we would like to call attention to this latest edition, especially to the large number of its beautiful illustrations, which are the work of the great artist Joseph Blanc. To one who has read the book without the additional advantage of the fine illustrations found in this edition it will be quite a surprise to note the new interest that will be imparted to this entertaining and instructive story. Everyone that has read the book will be sure to recommend it in the highest terms to their friends who have not yet done so, and if they manage at the same time to place this latest edition of the Benziger Brothers in their hands they will find that the relish for the story will be greatly increased. Although this edition is so far superior to others in binding and illustrations, it is nevertheless placed on the market at a price that places it within the reach of all—\$1.25.

The Catholic Reading Circle Review is a magazine devoted to history, science, religion, literature, art, and philosophy, and is the organ of the Catholic Summer School of America; and (Catholic) Reading Circle Union. There is no monthly magazine coming to our reading room from which the students derive so much profit. A glance at the contents of the February number will give an idea of its character. The first article is "A Study of Tennyson's Princess." The writer, besides giving a most excellent analysis of this beautiful poem, gives a clear insight into the character of the poet and shows his exalted and true conception of what constitutes woman's sphere. The next subject in the table of contents is "Margaret Roper," which

is a very appropriate sequel to "The Princess." Here we have a woman in real life comforting as best she could the last hours of her great immortal, martyred father, Sir Thomas More, and thus showing, "that the higher education of woman, when accompanied by the practice of religion, is quite compatible with her feminine obligations." "St. Thomas A. Becket and the Zeit-Geist" gives a history of this glorious saint and the times in which he lived. "Socialism, some of its Forms and Advocates" and "The Conferring of the Red Hat," (Investiture of Card. Satolli) are two articles appropriate to the day. "History of the Persecutions" and "Controverted Points in Church History" are replete with interesting and instructive information on the questions of which they treat. "Teachers' Council," a department devoted to the interests of teachers, contains articles on "Daily Preparation for Class Work," "How to Arouse Thought in Pupils," and a "Teachers' Query Box." The reading of this department is almost as good as attending a teachers' institute. Under the general heading "Reading Circle Union" is found an account of the work done by the Reading Circle, reports of various local circles, book reviews, and interesting matters pertaining to the Catholic Summer Schools.

EXCHANGES.

Amid the adverse criticisms heaped upon the productions of the lately appointed laureate, it is pleasing to notice a charitable word now and then—especially when expressed as a conviction—in order to lend variety to an otherwise worn subject. The laureate finds a defender in the *Stylus*, but, we think the critics were correct when estimating his poetry to deem it poetically deficient. The writer remarks that Mr. Austin left the practice of law for the society of the Muses. If his effusions are not to be regarded as criteria by which to judge of his reception on Par-

nassus the Muses were very reticent when he proffered his friendship, or, he must have found their society incongenial when admitted. We agree that he rises above mediocrity in his lyrics, but his poetry lacks the "incense of divine poesy," and his verses are labored. The glimmer of inspiration noticeable, at times, together with a tolerable command of words, not of the choicest quality either, are apt to delude a person into the belief that his poems possess more worth than they do in reality. The writer has fallen in-to fault by being too profuse of adjectives, especially, when he adduces lines to justify the appellation "Laureate of the Seasons," and characterizes them as harmonious. Even viewed in the light of a versifier, Austin does not marshal his words with a very great degree of proficiency. His metres are correct, but there are different degrees of harmony—some words and their arrangement producing a better effect than others, though every word may be rightly applied as regards metrical restrictions. The same praise, given to the verses alluded to above, might suitably be conferred upon any of Thompson's poems to the *Seasons*, but if we place them parallel with Austin's effusions, a gulf of difference is immediately perceivable. In introducing other quotations the author uses more discretion. The composition is colored too highly, and evinces too exalted a conception of Mr. Austin's poetical powers, otherwise it is consistent and worked out in an able manner. The treatise on the pronunciation of Greek betrays a firm grasp in dealing with a mooted question.

Genuine pleasure is felt when writing of the *Ave Maria*. Its object and the efforts made to reach its aim, demand unstinted praise. Its tenor is dignified and cheerful. An excellent standard has been maintained, always giving evidence of greater possibilities so that a person admires its beauties, and perforce of habit, fails to delve for something upon which to exercise his critical acu-

men. A fault-finding critic would be treading barren ground, in case he entered its domain, but one intent on discovering merits and appreciating them would observe in it qualities of the highest order. The poetical tributes to the Blessed Virgin are dainty bits of verse never failing to impart their pious sentiments. In a February number a learned account is written of the *Wandering Jew*, an ubiquitous personage whom the writer does not endeavor to confine to country, but gives the legend as it is current in the different lands in which the *Jew* is said to have been conspicuous.

We also acknowledge the receipt of the following: *The Notre Dame Scholastic*, *The Mountaineer*, *St. Mary's Sentinel*, *The Agnetian Monthly*, *The Viatorian*, *The Purple*, *The Dial*, *St. Vincent's Journal*, *The Chimes*, *Mt. St. Mary's Record*, *The Salve Regina*, *St. James School Journal*, *Boston Pilot*, *Rensselaer Pilot*, *The Universe*, *Rensselaer Republican* and *The Abbey Student*.

SOCIETIES.

Columbian.—At the quarterly election on Feb. 5th, the usual amount of interest was manifested. The following officers were chosen to serve for the ensuing term: Pres., Mr. W. Sullivan; Vice Pres., Mr. Jas. Connelly; Sec., Mr. F. J. Koch; Treas., Mr. Wm. Brinkman; Critic, Mr. N. Greive; Marshal, Mr. Law. A. Eberle; Executive Com., Messrs. E. Vogel, A. C. Riester, I. F. Zircher; Editor, Mr. V. Muinch; Librarian, Mr. G. Heimburger.

Since the last report two programs were rendered. The first being a private one was presented before the society on Feb. 12th. Mr. Krull deserves special mention for the excellent rendition of his declamation entitled, "Excelsior." Mr. Hordeman favored the society with the humorous recitation,

"What to do in Case of Fire," and fully upheld his reputation as a humorist. Mr. Ed. Byrne recited "Pictures of Memory." Another program was rendered on Washington's Birthday of which mention is made on another page.

Military.—A meeting of the military officers was called by Major Cogan on Feb. 10th to make preparations for a program to be given under the auspices of the battalion on Washington's Birthday. The result of the meeting was the appointment of a committee on arrangements consisting of Aide-de-Camp Law. A. Eberle, Capt. J. B. Fitzpatrick and Capt. Edw. J. Mungovan; and another on decorations composed of Adj. T. M. Conroy, Lieut. Fr. Kuenle, and Lieut. Edw. Koenig. The program proved to be one of the most unique entertainments ever presented by the military organization. A sketch of the proceedings will be found in the article of the day given on another page.

Marian Sodality.—The importance of choosing young men qualified to fill the offices of this society always makes the election of much interest to all Sodalists. The Rev. Spiritual Director presented the following three names for the office of prefect: Messrs. B. Besinger, C. Daniels, and Jas. J. Betsner. The vote resulted in the election of Mr. Jas. J. Betsner as Prefect and Messrs. B. Besinger and C. Daniels as first and second assistants. The meeting closed, after a few salutary remarks by the Spiritual Director, with the recitation of the "Office of the Immaculate Conception." The newly elected officers then selected Mr. A. Missler as Secretary of the sodality and then together appointed the following members to act as consultors for the ensuing term: Messrs. I. F. Zircher, A. Reister, T. Travis, J. Steinbrunner, C. Didier, H. Fehrenbach, C. Faist, P. Kanney, R. Stolz, D. Neuschwanger.

St. Boniface German Literary Society.—On Feb. 2nd the members of St. Boniface Society met to adopt the constitution drawn up by the committee; and the following day the election of officers took place which resulted in the choice of the following: Pres., Mr. Law. A. Eberle; Vice Pres., Mr. W. D. Sullivan; Sec., Mr. A. C. Riester; Treas., Mr. Fr. Kuenle; Critic, Mr. F. J. Koch; Marshal, Mr. T. Travis; Ex. Com., Messrs, T. M. Conroy, Edw. Vogel, Jas. B. Fitzpatrick.

The constitution provides for weekly meetings of one hour each, during which programs are rendered, business transacted, and German conversation car-

ried on. Two meetings have been held and from the interest displayed great hopes are entertained for the future. The Faculty has provided a large pleasant room for the use of the society and the Rev. Spiritual Director, Father Clement, has donated a number of books as a nucleus for a library.

St. Aloysius Minim Lit. Society.—The following officers were elected to serve the ensuing term; Pres., Geo. Aug.; Vice Pres., C. Frey; Sec., A. Dorval; Treas., R. Peele; Editor, H. Kalvelage; Marshal, G. Deifenbach, Executive Com.; Masters E. Sweitzer and W. Laibe.

L. A. EBERLE.

LOCALS.

Professor in Natural Philosophy: "Can you give me an example of a good whispering gallery?"

Student: "Yes, Father. Our study hall."

An apparatus for increasing and regulating the pressure of gas has just been placed in position in the basement; and it is to be hoped that the low and uncertain light so frequent of late, is now a thing of the past.

He of the compound larynx has lost none of his old time vigor, as was fully demonstrated at the last Columbian program; and now that he has been studying acoustics, it would be difficult to say where it will all end.

Gabriel, hearing some one commenting on the prediction according to which the final dissolution, or crack of doom, is to happen on the 15th of March, exclaimed, "why then we shall not be able to celebrate St. Patrick's day this year!"

Since the beginning of Lent Father John's book, *Charity for the Suffering Souls*, is being read in the refectory. The applause that followed the reading of the introduction was a neatly

paid compliment to Father John, and shows in what fond remembrance he is still held among the boys.

Ed to Jinmy: "Please have me placed in a red barn after my Greek exercise is finished."

Jimmy, alarmed: "Why?"

Ed: "I heard a theory the other day which states that the inner cells of insane persons should be painted red."

The sixth Latin class has been very fortunate throughout its whole course, at least from a numerical standpoint; and even now at this eleventh hour, their ranks have again been strengthened by the admission of Mr. Anthony Wagner, of Chicago, Ill., who matriculated on the 2nd.

On the 14th the students were granted the privilege of enjoying a sleigh-ride, but unfortunately the unusual heat of the forenoon marred their pleasure. After driving the distance of about half a mile, they were obliged to return on account of the poor condition of the roads. Some were so angry at old "Sol" that they walked instead of riding back.

We are glad to note the rivalry which exists among the minims in regard to literary work. As a result a number of them have assembled and with permission of their Prefect, organized a literary society under the patronage of St. Aloysius. We hope to see their undertaking prosper and can but laud them for this praiseworthy act. They will render programs on Saturday afternoons.

The custom of celebrating "Fastnacht," and stalking forth in masquerade was not forgotten this year, at least by one in our midst; but the final removal of his disguise seems to have escaped the mind of the bearded individual; and those who caught a glance of the awful apparition that intruded upon the silence and sanctity of the study-halls on Shrove Tuesday evening are happily for him—still in ignorance of his identity.

Judging from the loud and frequent detonations coming from the rear of the boiler-house many have been led to believe that our good-natured engineers are having a protracted Washington's birthday celebration all to themselves. A little investigation soon upset this opinion. There is no battery of artillery planted in that neighborhood; the brothers were engaged in no more patriotic occupation than blowing up some stumps for the furnaces.

The higher classes in the three courses—classical, normal and commercial—attended "Shaun Aroon" at the Rensselaer opera house on the evening of the 17th. The play was under the auspices of the Stanislaus Literary Society of the parish church, and was rendered in a manner that reflected much credit upon the persons in the different roles. The recitations and songs between the acts were a pleasant feature of the entertainment; while the numbers by the College orchestra seem to have been held in special favor, if the frequent and hearty applause that followed them, may be taken as a true index of the feelings of the audience.

Those stories by the fifth class in Literature were a matter of much interest and comment this month, even to those not directly concerned. The "Novelty-Seeking Boy at College" met with all sorts of adventures, troubles and disappointments at the hands of his narrators. All coincided however, when it came to bringing him to the end of his days at school—they made him "skip." Should there be any restless minds amongst us, bent on the same purpose, they can come to no quicker determination as to the best "ways and means" of carrying out their desires than by a perusal of these sketches. But whatever plan they may select, let them not forget as they leave the College grounds, to cast that "last backward glance at their Alma Mater, the scene of their joys and sorrows, towering above the trees in the silvery light of the moon." The writers are universal in declaring that this is the proper thing to do.

Through the kindness of the Rev. Prefect, a melodeon from one of the class-rooms has been placed at the disposal of the secular students; and on many evenings and holidays this month—and Washington's birthday, especially—the recreation-hall received new life from the circles that gathered around the instrument, singing snatches of song, either from the books at hand or, oftener still, from memory. While it would certainly be an exaggeration to attribute much melody to these first efforts of the boys, the movement is nevertheless worthy of hearty approval. There is nothing that will contribute more to union and good-fellowship among students than these little gatherings in common, and nothing that will be remembered with greater pleasure in after years. With a little more practice in the basement, it would be no great difficulty to sing out doors; and what could be a better excuse for "free" when those hot evenings finally creep on, than a plea for a volunteer chorus on the campus. There is complaint of a great dearth of popular songs at present, but

it can confidently be asserted that these will soon be forthcoming if the results will only justify the procuring.

GUARD OFF.

Did you ever play this game with your companions? It is very interesting and affords many pleasures. Most of you, no doubt, are acquainted with it, but for the benefit of those, who have no knowledge of the game, I will give a short explanation.

In playing "Guard Off," a pole is secured to keep the guard at. The guard is a club or stick. Then you choose up, to see who will have to "be it." One of the men will now take the guard, and tapping on the pole three times, saying "guard off," throws the guard. Upon this all hide. The one who "is it," must hunt the guard, and having found it, brings it back to the pole. Here he must tap the pole three times saying, "guard the pole," and starts in search of the men. No sooner is one discovered than both run for the guard. If he, who "is it," reaches the guard first, he will take the guard and say "guard off" for Tom, or Joe. or whatever the boy's name is. The one captured must remain at the pole. The boy who "is it" then goes in search of the others. This is repeated at each discovery until all are captured. But should anyone, before being caught, reach the pole, he will then take the guard, and tapping the pole, throw it, crying, "guard off," whereupon all the captured are set free, go and hide again and the game begins anew. It may last sometimes for hours, until another one will have to be "it." The best time for playing the game is in the evening when it is dark, on account of the guard not being found so easily.

EDGAR J. MURPHY.
(Minim Dept.)

HONORARY MENTION.

J. Abel, G. Aug, J. Betsner, W. Brinkman, J. Boeke, E. Byrne, J. Cogan, T. Conroy, J. Connelly, P. Cosgrove, C. Class, C. Didier, J. Dwenger, H. Dorval, L. Eberle, J. Engesser, J. Fitzpatrick, L. Fralich, C. Frey, W. Hordeman, B. Heckman, F. Kuenle, E. Ley, F. Hurst, F. Koch, J. Kohne, H. Kavelage, W. Laibe, E. Mungovan, T. McLoughlin, H. Meighan, R. Peelle, A. Riester, A. Roth, H. Reichert, W. Sullivan, F. Seroczynski, J. Steinbrunner, F. Schulien, J. Smith, T. Travis, E. Vogel, C. Vanvlandren, J. Wechter, J. Wakefer, A. Wagner, I. Zircher.

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